

TARLTONS NEVVES OVT OF PVRGATORY.

Onely such a Iest as his Iigge, fit for
Gentlemen to laugh at an houre, &c.

Published by an old Companion of his,
Robin Goodfellow.



LONDON,
Printed by *George Purslowe*, and are to be sold by *Francis
Grose*, on Snow-hill, at the Signe of the Wind-mill,
neere vnto *S^t. Sepulchres Church*.

1630.

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To the Gentlemen Readers,
Health.

Gentlemen, the Horse when hee
is first handled to the warres,
starteth at the cracke of euery
peece, and euery coucht
Launce is a censure of death to a fresh wa-
ter Souldier: So fareth it with me, for neuer
befor being in print I start at the sight of
the Presse, and hauing not dared to looke
into the open light, feared with the Owle
to flye before it be twy-light: yet I haue
heard others whose bookes haue past your
view, account you so fauourable, curteous,
and affable, throuding euery scape with
silence; that I presumed the rather to expe-
rience with them the hope of your fauours:
which if I finde as they haue done, though
I be blind Bayard, yer I will in the thickest
of the mire plunge vp to the Saddle for

Æncidos, wrote his *Culex*; and assai'd in trifles before he attempted in *Triumphes*. *Lucan* wrote *Quædam Lirica*, before he began with *Bella per Emathios pluquam ciuilia campos*. Rome was not builded on a day, and men that venter little, hazard little: So gentlemen, I present you with a toy of *Tarltons*, called his *Newes out of Purgatory*; which I desire you accept as curteously as I offer willing to please: though they be *Crepundia*, yet read them, and if you finde any pleasant *Facetia*, or *Quicquid Salis*: thinke all sauory, and so pleased without being satirically peremptory: for *Momus* will haue a mouth full of inuectiues, and *Zoilus* should not be *Zoilus* if hee were not squint-eyde. Therefore leauing their humours to the wordmongers of malice, that like the *Vipers* grew odious to their owne kinde, hoping of your curteous censure, I bid you farewell.

Tarltons.



TARLTONS newes out of PVRGATORY.



Drawing as most men doe for the death of Richard Tarlton, in that his particular losse was a general lament to all that coveted either to satisfie their eyes with his Clownish gesture, or their eares with his witty words.

The wanted desire to see playes left me, in that although I saw as rare shewes, and heard as lustie verse, yet I missed not those wanted sports that flowed from him, as from a fountaine of pleasing and merry conceits. For although he was onely superficially skilful in learning, having no more but a bare insight into the Latine tongue, yet he had such a prompt wit, that he seemed to have that Salerningenij, which Tullie so highly commends in his Oratorie. Well, both former, either naturall, or artificall, or both, he was a mad merry companion, desired and loved of all amongst the rest of whose welwishers my self being not the least, after his death I mourned in conceite, and absented my selfe from all playes, as wanting that merry Roscius of Players, that famozed all Comedies so with his pleasant and extemporall invention: yet at last, as the longest Summers day hath his night, so this dumpe had an end: and so forth upon whitson monday last I would needs to the Theatre to a play: where when I came, I found such concourse of vnruly people, that I thought it better solitary to walk in the fields, then to intermeddle my selfe amongst such a great presse. Finding mine humour
with

with this fancie I slept by dame Anne of Cieres wel, & went by the backside of Dogsdor: where finding the Sun to be hot, and seeing a faire tree that had a cole shade. I fate me downe to take the aire where after I had rested me a while I fell a sleepe: As thus I lay in a Chamber, me thought I saw one attired in russet with a burrend cap on his head, a great bag by his side, & a strong bat in his hand so artificially attired for a Clowne, as I began to cal Tarltons wonted shape to remembrance as he dyed more nere & he came within the compass of mine eye, so Iudge it was no other but the very ghost of Richard Tarlton, which pale & wan fate him downe by me on the grasse. I that knew him to be dead at this sodaine sight fell into a great feare, insomuch that I swet in my sleepe: which he perceiving, with his wonted countenance full of smiles began to comfort me thus, What old acquaintance a man of a mouse? Hast thou not heard me heresse, that a souleier is a souldier if he haue but a blew hose on his head? Feare not me man, I am but Dick Tarlton that could quaint it in the Court, and clowne it on the stage: that had a quart of wine for my friend, & a tword for my foe who hurt none being a lue, and wil not prejudice any being dead: for although thou seest me heere in likenes of a spirit, yet thinke me to be one of those Familiars Lares that were rather pleasantly disposed then indued with any hurtfull influence, as Hob Thrust Robin Goodfellow and such like spirits (as they terme them of the buttry) sinned in every old times Chronicle for their mad merrie pranks. Therefore sith my apparance to thee is in resemblance of a spirit, thinke that I am as pleasant a Goblin as the rest, & will make thee as merry before I part, as euer Robin Goodfellow made the country wenches at their Creambooles. With this he dyed more nere me and I starting backe cried out: In nomine Iesu auote satan for Ghost thou art none, but a busy aile deuill (for the soules of the which are departed) if the sacred paine:

principles of Theologie be true) neuer retorne into the world againe till the generall resurrection: for either are they plact in heauen, from whence they come not to intangle themselves with other cares, but sit continually befoze the seate of the Lambe singing Alleluia to h^{is} highest, or else they are in hell: and this is a profound & certain aphorisme, Ab inferis nulla est redemptio tyō these conclusive premises depart from me Sarban the resemblance of whomsoever thou dost carry. At this pitching his staffe downe on the end, & crossing one leg ouer another, he answer'd thus: why you boyes on dunc. think you to set Dick Tarlton Non plus wth your aphorismes? No, I haue yet left one chapter of choplodgicke to tel wth you withall, that were you as good as George a Greene I would not take the felle at you hands & that is this, I perceiue by your arguments your inward opinion, & by your wise discretion what pottage you loue: I see no sooner a ripe at the house end or appalpole befoze the doore, but I cry there is a paltry alehouse: & as soone as I heare the principles of your religions, I can say, oh there is a Calvinist: what doe you make heauen and hel Contraria immediata, so contrarie, that there is no meane betwixt them, but that either a mans soule must in post hast goe presently to God, or else with a whirlewind & a vengeance goe to the diuell? yes, yes my god brother, there is Quoddam tertium a third place that al our great grandmothers haue talkt of, that Dant hath so learnedly writ of, and that is Purgatorie. What saye are we wiser then all our forefathers? they not onely feared that place in life, but found it after their death: or els was there much land and annuall pensions giuen in vaine to moztowmaste priests for diges, trentals and such like decretals of deuotion, whereby the soules in Purgatorie were the sooner aduanced into the quiet estate of heauē, say more how many popes & holy bishops of Rome, whose canons cannot erre, haue taught vs what this purgatorie is? &

yet if thou wert so incredulous that thou wouldest neither beleue our old belidames, nor the good Bishops: yet take Dicke Tarlton once for thine author, who is now come from Purgatorie, & if any bpstart Protestant deny, if thou hast no place of scripture ready to confirme it, say as Pichagoras schollers did (Ipsē dixit) & to all good companions it shall stand for a principle. I could not but smile at the mad merry doctrine of my friend Richard, and therefore taking heart at grasse drawing more nere him, I praied him to tell me what Purgatorie is, & what they be that are resident there: as one willing to do me such a fauour, he sat him downe and began thus.

¶ Tarltons description of
Purgatorie.



After thy breath hath left thy body, and thy soule is set free from this vile prison of earth, wher it hath ben long inclosed, then hath it wander forthward into a faire broad way, wher at the turning of a crosse there are thre passages, one on the right hand, & that is very narrow and leadeth vnto heauen: The second on the left hand, is broad and faire, ouer a graine vale, & that conducteth vnto hell: now betwixt these is there a lane neither so broad nor so narrow, and that is the hie way to Purgatorie: wherein after you haue wandered a while, you come to a bridge, framed all of pēble points and ouer that must you passe bare footed, as the first penance for your former offences. When first to haue a little ease after that soepe absolution, shall you come into a faire meadow, and that is all ouer growne with Aue maries and Creeds, this is to put you in remembrance of our Ladies p'salter, which if you can say a hundred & a fiftie times ouer before you passe the meadow, you escape passing ouer a whole field of hot burning plough shares, that

day and night lie glowing hot for such purposes : after these and a many more of other miseries, which I am by the law forbidden to utter, you come to purgatorie gate, where for an entering penny, you have forty lashes with a whip as ill as ever were given in Bidwell : then are you admitted entrance. At the first you shall come into a very sumptuous hall, richly hanged with tapestrie so fine and so curious, that the most cutthoate Woaker in England would take the worst of the hangings for a sufficient pawne : in this hall shall you see an infinite number of seates, formed and seated like an Amphitheater : wherein are seditiously, nay more then seditiously placed all the Popes, except the first thirty after Christ, & they went presentlie to heaven : and the reason was, because Purgatorie was then but a building, and not fully finished. In these seates I say the popes sit triumphantlie with their pontificalibus, and their triple crownes, but yet abiding paines of purgatorie, as well as the meanest in all the house, equally proportioned according to the measure of their sinnes : some for false wresting the scripture, others for ambition, some for covetousnesse, gluttonie, extortion, simonie, wrath, pride, envie, many for sloth, and idlenesse : and some I can tell you have come thither for wenching matters, that counted in Rome but a veniall sinne, and theretoze three virges and two tapers offered to the picture of old Pasquille, is sufficient to wipe away so small an offence. But amongst all the rest, two of them made me to marvel at the strangenes of the punishment : The first was Boniface the fourth, and he sat in this order.

He was richly attired in his pontificalibus, and somewhat more rich then the rest, but upon his head, in stead of his triple crowne, he wore a busbie millers cap, and whereas other Popes held in their right hand the keyes of heaven, and in the left the sworde of Paul, hee held betwene both his hands a busbie malkin, such as Bakers

(ways

swipe their Queens withall, and right ouer his head
was written this old adage in Latin:

Ne futor ultra crepidam.

And because thou shalt know the reason, why he was
thus punished, marke this merry tale.

The tale of Pope Boniface and why he wore
a Millers cap and a malkin in
purgatorie.



Here dwelled sometime in the cite of Rome a
Baker, named Alasio, who for his honest be-
haviour was well accounted of amongst his
neighbours, insomuch, that what life so-
euer his bread was baked after, his loaves neuer pass
the ballance. This Alasio had sundry prentises and
iourneymen to doe his businesse, for he was chiefe Ba-
ker to the Popes holinesse: amongst whom there was
one called Miles, who was a strong lusty lubber, and one
that was as ripe conceived for knaueserie, as the Miller
that ground their meale for theuery, & had as many good
conditions, as his mistresse had points of chastitie, and
she was thought a vertuous matron: for a Cardinall lay
in her house, to instruct her with holy sentences, & to here
such blessed men like, there can be no lecherie. Well Miles
was a mad wagge, and when he had done his busin-
esse, to exercise his wits would diuerse times resort to some
one vnder of the cloister of Nuns, amongst these merry
wenches, to put in practise the excellencie of his prattle,
he so behaued himselfe, that if higher fortune had not fal-
len him, the Nuns of Santa Maria had intreated their ab-
bess to haue made him their factotum: but to his grea-
ter dignitie thus it fell out. It chanced that Pope Pi-
us fell sick, and for that he knew Cardinals were ambi-
tious and would sic with Icarus whatsoeuer befel, to a-
void at untimes that might insue after his death about
the

the succession of the Papacie: he called his Cardinals together, and charged them to elect none Pope, but he that could answer these three questions.

1 What kind of men those be, that G O D neuer made.

2 What creatures those be, that in sight are Carnations, in smell Roses, in hearing Syrens, in touch Nettles, and in tast wormewood.

3 And what occupations take more paines about God then the Pope.

Upon these the Cardinals were agreed and went home to their severall lodging, leaning Pius twel consented with their mutuall consent, and resolved to die, Altho he had so wel determined of the successio of the papacy: to be briefe, as every dog hath his day, so the Pope had his date, for the next morning hee died. And upon this there was a generall mourning thzough all Rome, the Cardinals wept, y Abbots bewlen, the Monks rozen, the Fryers cried, the Sons galed, the Curtizans lamented, the bells rang, and the tapers were lighted, that such a blacke Sandus was not sene along time afoze in Rome: well to be thot, his funerals were solemnely kept, and his body caried from Castle Angelo to Saint Peters Church and ther intombred. After his death every one of the Cardinals aspiring to the papacy, ponozed in his brayne the meaning of these questions but they were not so good schollers that they could either deuide, define, or distinguish upon them, especially Cardinall Montecello that lay at the Bakers house who a long while had these questions hammering in his head, but to small purpose, for the more he sought y farther off he was, which grieued him tol soze: for y day was come wherein they must giue by their verdy. As the spred of the Cardinals appointed to mat. Cardinall Montecello athis to go be-
cause

cause he was so monstrous a dunce, knowing that Myles the bakers man was a fellow of a prompt witte, and witball so like the Cardinall, as no man could discern the one from the other, brought it so to passe, that he perswaded Myles to goe and heare the questions, and to sit in his robes amongst the rest of the Cardinalls: promising, if he won the victory by his witte, hee would when he were Pope so labour, that he would make him a Cardinall. Myles that was ever malepert, and more sauncy then honest, undertooke the matter and bluntly ouer his bakers mealy Cassock soz haist put on the Cardinalls habit, & went very solemnly to saint Peters church: where the rest of the holy brotherhood sat, taking his place amongst them as Montecello had directed him. When thus they were all gathered together, the eldest of the fraternity laide open vnto them that now by the death of Pius the papacy stood sedevacante: yet by the good direction of his holines in his life time to auoid further controuersie in the Church, hee had left a meane to know who should be next successor in the see, and thereupon he propounded thre questions, which began at the eldest and so gradatim went downward: sundry men gave sundry verdicts, at last it came to Cardinall Montecello, who was yongest, to yeld his reason, which if it were not probable & plausible, the Synode must devise some other meanes to know the successor: soz the questions were so darke that amongst the rest they were as inscrutable Aenigmes. Well to Myles at last came the matter to be made manifest, who very demurely in his scarlet robes and his grace bonnet, beganne thus: My Brethren and fellow brethren in this dignify, now is the text fulfilled: The last shall be first and the first shall be last: For I that am yongest in yeares, am like to be eldest in iudgement, and being last in degree, am like to be first in dignify. Therefore you wisely vntices thus to absolue these thre questions.

What

What kind of men be those that God
neuer made,

I tell you they be Popes, Cardinals, Abbots, Monks,
and Priests: for none of all these did God euer make: &
thus I proue it. The Creator, both according to the prin-
ciples of Philosophie and Theology, is greater then the
Creature, and it is impossible that the maker should bee
formed or fashioned by the thing made; as a pot to make
a Potter: is it not then as repugnant to reason that God
should make a Priest, when the Priest every day in his
mass maketh God? and so is he the creator, and God the
creature: therefore byethzen the Priest is the man that
God neuer made, because we our selues know that the
Priest is Gods maker. To this they all applauded and
said: he had spoken as much as Pius meant. Now quoth
he to the second question.

What creatures those be, that in sight are Carnations,
in smell Roses, in hearing Syrens, in touch Nettles,
and in tast wormewood.

Thus I answered: they be (my masters quoth he) these
kind of cattle that we couet so much to keepe, and these
be women: for he that sees a gallant wench, which was
Italians terme Bono Roba, with a faire face flourisht ouer
with a vermillion blush, that shines to his eye as beauti-
full as a Carnation: and her breath that is as sweet and
odoriferous as a Rose: he that listens to her words, shall
finde them as pleasant and melodious as the Snyren, and
as full of flattery as Cyrces: so that he that will auoide
these toiles, must with Vlisses tie himselfe to the mast,
or els venture on these dangerous helues: in tou-
ching they be nettles, for they sting to the quicke: and in
tast whosoever tries them, shall finde them as bitter in
the

the end as ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~was~~. When Miles had discourst this, they thought Sphinx himselfe could not haue yeloes a better reason, and therefore our Gentleman Baker went on to the third thus boldly: and new masters, quoth he, to the last.

And what occupations take more paines about
God then the Pope.

Harry quoth Miles, there be thre, the ploughman, the Miller and the baker: & thus I proue it: The ploughman be takes paines to brylle his field, to sow his coyne, and in harness with toyle to reape, in winter to threth it out with the sweat of his browes. Then it is conueyed from him to the Miller and he bestirs himselfe to set his stones in frame to grind it: next it is transported to the Baker. & he koults it and lifts the bryan from the flower, and with great paines makes it into a fine cake & bakes it, last it is brought to the Pope, and he when he is at masse, saies but hoc est corpus meum, and it is God: he spends but a little few wast wordes about it, whereas the other thre laboꝝ long ere they bring it to perfection: therefore these thre take more paines about God then the pope. One of the old Cardinals hearing this, wondꝝing at his wit, began to repeats ouer the names of the ploughswaine, the Miller and the baker: Myles hearing him name the Baker, toke straight Pepper in the nose, and startling vp thre of his Cardinals robes, standing in his duskie Casioche, (woꝝe I be cocked by the Baker, and he that sayes to the contrary, here stand I Miles the Bakers man to haue the proudest cardinall of pon all by the eare. The Cardinals all this while thinking it had ben Montecello and now seeing it was Miles the bakers man, to smth by the matter and cloake their owne ignorences made him Pope, & called him in stead of Myles, Boniface: where hee soon forgot being a Pope & neuer he was a Clarke: in so much

that on aday passing to saint Peters church, his maister Alasso met him, and amongst the rest did his holynesse great reverence, but Miles now that was Pope, could not looke so low as a poore baker, which his maister espying, as he came by said, that the pope might heare. No suite sic a principio: No knowe quoth he, but I shall heare long anon: Sic erit in secula seculorum Amen. Thus went the Bakers man in solemne procession to St. Peters Church, and there after his infalement hard masse, & so departed home to castie Angelo. And soz that he was aduant from a Bakers trough to the papacie, and after grew so proud and insolent, that he would not know his old maister: he sits in a spillers duffie Cappe, and a Bakers walking: to signifie the former pride of his life.

Next him sat Hildebrand, & he held a red Bering in his hand, because he made Lent: and one Pope sat with a smock stee about his necke, and that was he that made the lumbering wikes; in honoz of his faire and beautifull curtizan Imbra.

A little beyond sat Alexander, who was soz to make cleane rustie Armoz, that like Sisyphus ston had no end: soz as fast as he scowzed & cancker still fretted that he did: In caucalum saxum voluere: & this was because he was a better Soldier then a Scholler. Ward by him was Iulius, that vpon the brydge threwe St. Peters keyes into Tiber, & tooke him to & swozd of Paul: in stnt other sandy offences: but such a multitude were plagud soz wenching, that of the al there was not one scapt fræ soz that fault. But Urbane the second, that was in stald Pope in the moynng and was paysoned befoze dinner, and yet they question, whether, if he had liued that night, his lemen and he had not bidden pennance in purgatorie soz their sinnes. Thus when I saw all these stately fellows, as I was ready to go out of the hall, I spide sitting in a corner a bare faced youth, well featured, of a lively countenance, and a sweet looke, in Dopes attire: but on her head in stead of

a myster she had a kercher, and in her hand a blisse: I thought it had bin Hercules that was found playing the wanton so with Omphale, or Sardanapalus amongst his Cartizans. But at last I spied it was a Pope or had bin a Pope: But whether man or woman, or what it was I could not tell, till I spied written over his head in great Characters this stile:

Papa, Pater, Parens Patriæ, Prope Portas Petri, Pauli,
Paruum Peperit Puerum.

Then I perceined it was Pope Ioane that honest was, man, that as she went a procession through the Lateran was brought to bed in the Streets. I smile at her attire, and left her to her punishment. Passing from thence I went into a lower room, and there were all kinges and Princes, and men of name, which so; that I might consider their royall titles, I smelt with Silence. But thus they were all punished according to their offences, no more spared so; their wealth then the poore so; their poverty; unless they died highly in the popes favour; and perhaps there was some indulgence to mitigate their punishment. I left them, and anon I came into a baser room all full of Monkes and Friars, what names I saw there figured so;th I am ashamed to rehearse, onely Friar Onyon the holy Confessor of Florence, was late there naked, all annointed with honey and miserably torment-
ed with waspes, The cause of his punishment I learned to be this.

The tale of Friar Onyon, why in purgatorie
he was tormented with waspes.



Here dwelled a widow in Florence of
good parentage, & large possessions, more
beautifull then she was wealthy, and yet
she was the richest widow of all Florence,
her name was Lisetta, the onely faulte
that was found in her was, that her beau-
tie was more then her wit, and that such a selfe love of
her excellencie had made her overweene her selfe, that
she thought none fit to bee her husband in all Florence.
Thus thought she were looked at for her outward perfec-
tion, yet was she laughd at for her inward follies. Well
howsoeuer others censured of her, she thought her peny
better slaue then the rest, and would so strue to excell
other Gentlewoman in the nicenesse of gesture, that oft-
time she made all. in so much that her coy quaintnesse
was a by word in the cite. Every weeke forthwith, because
she would seeme as vertuous as she was false, she de-
uoutly went to Friar Onyon, to be confessed of her sins:
the Priest, who was a lustie lubber, and a tall swaine,
and much by lost with idlenesse; began to looke vpon her
more narrowly, and to take a particolar view of her per-
fections; with that entring with a piercing insight into
her selfeloue; thought that she might quickly bee over-
reacht in her owne conceits: so he thought, that if the
wisest woman were wonne with false praises, and large
promises, it were more easie to intrap her with the dis-
course of her excellencie. Therefore he laid his plot thus:
the next time Lisetta came to his churche, after she had made
her confession, and had receiued absolution for her sinnes,
Friar Onyon looking earnestly vpon her, fetcht a far sigh
and said: oh Adam, if you knew as much as I know;
as you are the fairest, so you would thinke your selfe the
happiest of all women that are alive. And why say I

Pray you, quoth Lisetta? ah said Friar Onyon: it is such a secret as may not be reuealed: for if I should disclose it to you, & you by any means make it manifest, there was no way with me but a most miserable death. Lisetta, as all women be desirous of novelty, was so greedy to heare what good was toward her, that she made a thousand pro-
 fectations, and uttered a thousand saies, neuer to be-
 tray what her ghostly father should tell her in secret. Then Madam; quoth Friar Onyon, with a grave and a deuine countenance, know your beautie is so excellent, and your perfection so far beyond the common course of all other women, that not onely all men that see you, ad-
 mire you as a miracle: but the very Angels in heauen are enuiozed of your proportion. The Angels, quoth she, is that possible? The Angels, madam, and not the man-
 nest, but the most beautifull of all the rest: for the Angell Gabriell is so far in love with you, that the other night he appeared vnto me, and charged me to do his earnest com-
 mendations vnto you, with promise, that if he might bee assured of your secrecie, hee would at convenient times visit you: and entertains you with such love as becometh such holy spirits.

This tale so set a fire Lisetta, that she not onely than-
 ked Friar Onyon for his commendations: but counted her selfe the most fortunate of all women, that she was beloned of so blessed a Saint: & therefore when and where it pleased him, he should be entertained with as honou-
 rable secrecie, as a poore damo of her calling might affoord. Friar Onyon seeing the gates would worke, prosecuted his purpose then subtilly: he presently fell downe on his knees before her, and desired, that for such happle netes as he had brought, she would graunt him a boone. Lisetta liberrall now to perforce any demand, had him aske. Then he began thus: Madam, quoth he, for that the An-
 gell Gabriell is a spirit, and his brightnesse such, as no mortall eye can suffer, and therefore must come vnto you
 in

in some humane shape, I pray you benehse, that my bodie may be the receptacle for him, that while he putteth on my carcasse, my soule may enjoy the sight & pleasures of paradise: so shall you not hinder your selfe, and do me an unspeakable benefit. Lissetta seeing Friar Onyon was a lusty tall fellow, willing in what she might, to pleasure him, granted his request verie willingly: whereupon it was concluded, that she should leave the doore open, and about midnight the Angel Gabriell should come to visit her. Upon this resolution home went Lissetta, as merry as a pie tricking by her bedchamber with all banerie, and rich performes for the entertainment of her paramour. And Friar Onyon, as busie as a bee, was making his wings and his trinkets ready to play the Angell: well he dealt so, that he agreed with an old pandor that dwelt opposite to the house, and there made himselfe ready, and at the houre appointed went to Lissetta: where he found the doore open, and so entered by till he came to her bedchamber; where she sat expecting his coming: as soon as she saw him with his glorious wings and his white robes, she rose, and fell at his feet: but he lovingly took her up, embraced her, kiss her, and pointed to the bed, whither the Angell went after he had laid apart his habiliments, and Lissetta followed with as much speed as might be, *Cætera quis nescit*. Early befoze break of the day, Gabriell took his leave of his Lissetta, and went to his lodging, leaving her the proudest woman in the world, that she was beloued of an Angell. Friar Onyon he got him to his cell, and there took uppe his broken shape hee had lost till nine of the clocke, that hee went into his Oratorie: where hee had not sptten long, but Lissetta in a great banerrie as might, came to the church, and then offered up in greater deuotion a burning taper to the Angell Gabriell; afterwards her orizons done she came to Friar Onyon, who after some conference demanded her of her new lover,

when

whom she highly commended, and he againe gave her great thanks, that shee bought him to be the receptacle of so holy a Saint: for all the while his bodie was with her, his soule did tast the ioyes of Paradise. These two thus agreed, it so fell out that somtyme times as occasion & opportunity would giue leane, the Angell Gabriell visited Lisetta: The Priar thus frolike in this conceited content was thwarted by fortune on this manner: Lisetta waxing very proud with the remembrance of her new lover, was so coye and disdainefull, as shee thought neuer a dame in Florence fit for her company: insomuch that many wondered why she grew so insolent. But the more they marnailed, the more she was malapert, conceiuing such abundance of selfeloue within her stomacke, that she was with child till she had bittered her minde to some of her gossip: on a day sitting with one in whom shee had most affiance, she beganne to require secrecie, and shee would vnfold vnto her a thing not onely strange but of great import. Her gossip as the custome is, began to blame those wimes whose secret lay at their tongues end, and said, she was neuer thocht with any daime of her tongue: and therefore whatsoeuer she told her, should be buried vnderfoote and goe no further. Upon this Lisetta began to rehearse vnto her from point to point, the whole discourse of the Angell Gabriell, how hee was in loue with her, and how sundry nights he lay with her, and many more matters which he told her of the ioyes of paradise. Her gossip being a willy wench kept her countenance very demurely, commending the excellencie of her beauty, that did not onely amaze men, but drew euen Angels to be inamour'd of her: promising to be as secret in this matter as her selfe. Shee thought the time long till they might breake off talke, and therefore as soone as shee could finde opportunity, shee took her leane, and hied her homeward: but to her house shee could not goe, till she had met with two or thre of her gossips: to whom in a great laugh-

ter she unfolded what madam Lysetta had told her, how she was beloued of the Angell Gabriell, and how sundry nights he lay with her, and told her of the ioyes of Paradise. This was woike enough for nine daies, for the wonder of Madame Lysettas barns went through all Florence: so that at last it came to the eares of Lysettas friends, who grieved that such a clamor should be raised of these kindwomd: knowing her folly, thought to watch nere, but they would take the Angell Gabriell and clip his winges from flying. Well secret they kept it, and made as though they had not heard of it, yet kept they such diligent watch, that they knew the night when the Angell would descend to visit Lisetta: where upon they beset the house round, and as soon as Friar Onyon was in, and had put off his winges, and was gone to bed, the rushing in of the watch wakened him from his rest, and that with such a vengeance, that trussing more to his feete then to his feathers, he left madam Lisetta amazed at the noise: and he himselfe was so sharpe beset and so nere taken, that he was faine to leape out of a his garret window, and so almost brake his necke, into a little narrow lane. Well his best ioint scape, but he was soze bynised: yet feare made him sozget his fall, that away he ran to a poyers mans house where he saw light, and there got in, making an excuse how he had fallen among thēues; and so desired lodging,

The man hāning heard talke of the Angell Gabriell, knowing very well Friar Onyon that knew not him, let him haue lodging very willingly, but all this while that he escaped, were Lisettas friends seeking for the saint that so tenderly loved their kindswoman: but they could not find him, and to heauen he was not flowne, for they had found his winges: soze they were that Gabriell had mist them. But they chid hard, and rebuked the follie of Lisettas selfeloue, that was not onely so credulous, but such a blab as to reueale her owne secrets: it was late,

and because they had mist of their purpose they departed leaving Lisetta a sorrowfull woman, that she was so deceived by the Angell Gabriell. Well night passed, and the morning came, & this poore man friar Onyons host told him, that he knew not how to shift him : for there was that day a great search for one Fryer Onion that had escaped naked from Lysettas house, and who so kept him in secret should have his eares nailed on the pilloze : at this the Fryer started and said : alas friend I am the man : and if by any meanes thou canst conuay me to the Doctoꝝ of our Frizeꝝ, I will giue thee fortye Duckats : if you will, quoth his host followe my counsaile, feare not. I will conuey you thither safe and unbeknotone, and thus, This day there is great shewes made befoze the Duke of Florence, and strange sights to be seene, and diuerse wild men disguised in strange attire are brought into the market place : now I will dresse you in some strange order, and with a maske ouer your face, lead you amongst the rest, and when the shew is done, carrying you as though I should carrie you home, I will conuey you into the Doctoꝝ backe secret and unbeknotone. Although this seemed hard to the friar, yet of two evils the least was to be chosen, and he consented to suffer what the host would deuise. Whereupon he that was of a pleasant conceipt bled him thus. he annointed him ouer with barme mixed with hony, and stuck him full of feathers, and tying him by the neck with a chaine, put a visor on his face, and on either side tye a great ban Dogge, in this come equipage marched this poore man with the Fryer. He was no sooner come into the open streete, but the people hanging neuer seene such a sight befoze in Florence, did not onely wonder at the strangeness of his dressing; but marvelled what this novelty should meane: whereupon an infinite number not onely of the common sort, but of the graneſt citizens followed, to see what should be the end of this wonder.

With a solempne pace marched his keeper, till he came to the market place, where tying him to a great pillar that stood there, he then let make in all places of the citie solempne proclamation, that who so would see the Angell Gabriell, should presently come to the market place, and behold him there in that amozons dignitie that hee did vsually visiit the Dames of Florence: at this proclamation there was a generall concourse of people, especially of the better sort that had heard of Lysettas loues: so that the Duke himselve came thither, and amongst the rest Lysettas kinsmen, When all the market place was full of people, the hoast pulled the visor from the Friars face: at which the people gaue a great shoute, clapping their hands and crying, the Angell Gabriell, the Angel Gabriell, he that comes from heauen, to make vs weare hoznes. I needs not I hope intreat you to belene, that poore Fryar Onyon was heauily perplexed, especially when the day grew hot, he naked and annoiued with hony, so that all the waspes in the citie, as it were by a miracle, left the Grocers shopp, and came to visiite the Fryar, because his skinne was so sweet: but alas to the poore mans paines, that hee was almost hung to death. Diuers of his conent came thither to see the strange apparition of the Angell, who when they saw he was Fryar Onyon, then they couered their shauen crownes with their cooles, and went home with a flea in their eares. Thus all day stood the poore Fryar wondered at of all the people of Florence, and tormented with waspes, and at night fetcht home to the Dortor by some of his brothers: he was clapt in prison where soz sozrow poore Gabriell died and because he did so dishonoz the other Fryars, he bides this torment in purgatorie.

The discourse of the Fryar thus past, I bletwed them all that were Churchmen: and after went into a lower roome, where there was a medley of all manner of people of all trades, sciences, and occupations, assigned to

such sundry tormentes, as mans eie would almost forget with the variety of obiectes, euen the very byorne men were there for robbing of the byorne clothes betwene Warking and London. And hard by them was there a place empty formed thus: It was made like the shape of Tiborne thersquare, & all painted about with halters, and hard by stood two tall fellows with carters whips so fearnely looking, as if with euer last they would cut a man to the bones: there was written ouer the place a great Roman B. I could not learn for whom this torment was prouided, for that so many mē, so many censures: some said it was for one Boniface which shoulde be Pope, and shoulde proue a great persecutor: others, that Bonner shoulde bee brought from his place among the Prelates, and be whipt there for breaching of Bartlet Greene naked in his garden: but the most voyces went, that it was for Bull the hangman, because at his whipping in London the Carters shewed him too much fauour. Well for whomsoever it is, God blesse me from it, for hee is like to bee well belaboured with two lusty knaues. Looking still about, I saw thre men seated as it were in thrones higher then the rest, with thre shields hanging by them, hauing impyes and moltoes, I staid and gazed my fill vpon them: for they had no punishment, but were as prisoners detained in Purgatory, but with a preheminence; for which soener of the ghosts passed by, gaue them a knock with a reuerence. I maruailed what they shoulde be, and one told me it was the thre degres of Cuckholds; with that I smiled, and looked more narrowly vpon them, and spide written ouer the first head this worst sentence, One and One.ouer the second, None and One: ouer the third, One and None. This was to me a darks Acnigma, that I wished some Sphinx to vnfold the secret, at last one kept to me and told me the whole matter thus...

The tale of the three Cuckolds, of their Impreses
and Mottors.



These thre mē, my friend quoth y^e ghost,
when they liued were thre famous mē,
and yet Cuckoldes: as by their attler
thou maiest perceiue: but different in
degree, nature and condition. He which
his highest, ouer whose head thou seest
is twittē, One and One, had a beautifull dame to his
wife, faire and well featured: yet a great deale more full
of beauty then of honesty: but howsoeuer qualified, a
good wench she was, & one that was not such a niggard
but she could keepe a corner for a friend: to be briefe, she
would beare a man false at tables, and her husband that
loved Irish well, thought it no ill trick to beare a man
to many: he saw it and knew very well, that his wife lo-
ued another as well as himselfe: yet he loved her so, that
he would not discontent her, but suffered her to haue her
longing and to feed her owne fancy, and like a twittold
winked at it, and therefore worthy to weare the beere.
Thus while he liued the dishonour of his life was shame
enough for his leudnes and now after his death because
he was so kind a man, they haue placd him there with-
out any punishment, because it was penance enough to
haue his conscience prickt with a remorsefull sting of ban-
dy. And here they haue made him a gentleman, and in
his Shentillon haue giuen him the Mam rampant, with
a mighty pair of hoorns hanging ouer his eyes: to signifye,
if it be rightly emblaied, that he had such a great head
that looking through his hoornes hee did see and not se-
eocking on with heauy palms as bellwether to the red
his Motto is stolne out of Tully:

Non solum pronobis.

Meaning, that as we are not born for our selues, but for

our Countrey, so he did not marry a wife for himselfe, but for his neighbours: this was the kind opinion of this grane wittold.

The second, ouer whose head is witten, None & One, was a man of an honest and vertuous disposition, who hauing a faire wife, that though she could not treade right, yet w^old incht hir shoue inward; that was as secret as she was false; and though she could not lue Caste yet she liued Caute he neuer suspected her; but as he was honestly minded towards her, & kept himselfe to the wife of his bosome, so measured her foote after his owne last, and thought none in the world to haue a more chaste wife, although indeed none had a more lasciuious wanton. This pooze man was none in his owne conceite, yet was one indeed & therefore is he placd here without any torture: for that it is plague enough for him that he had a whoze to his wife. He is likewise made a gentleman and giues Armes the Goate, which by imblasure signifies, that as the Goate carries his hornes behinde, so hauing hornes because they were not apparant on his forehead, thought he had none, and yet carried a faire patre backward like the Goate, his Motto is:

Crede quod habes & Habes.

Meaning, that a mans content stands as his beleeuing is; so that if a man in his owne conscience thinks he hath a faire wife, it sufficeth, what soeuer p^{ro}ofe makes manifest to others.

The third, ouer whose head is witten, One & None, is a man that hath a woman of surpassing beauty to his wife, excellent and rare in properties, and every way as vertuous in honest perfection, a woman as faire as Helen and as chaste as Lucrece: yet forsooth, because his wife is more faire then the common soze, and therefore more gazed on for that wheresoever she goes, many mens eyes wait vpon her and diuers lasciuious youth attempt to frequent her company; yet she that is wholly resolu'd

resolved by a vertue hath the Toxcoils vnder her feete & gad: not abysad; but keeping home auoides all occasions of dishonour: yet for all these manifest instances of her honesty, the eye of her husband fiered with suspicion so inflames his heart with ieaousie, as there is none looks on his wife, but he thinks he comes to court her, & her glances her eye on none but straight she looes him: if she smile, it is to thinke how her lone & she shall meet; if she frowne, it is because she hath not seene him to day: thus liuing doth he lead a hellish life in the labyrinth of Ieaousie, & therefore is he plac't here without punishment in Purgatory, because there can be no greater torment then to be plagued with y^e restless King of Ieaousie. He is as the rest are, made a gentlemā, his Armes y^e Ass, with a marvellous paire of long & large eares. The emblaion this, that as the Ass for y^e length of his eares thinks thē to bee hoznes, & yet indeed are but a plaine paire of eares: so bee like an Ass because he hath a faire wife, thinks that per Consequēs he must be a Cuckold, whē indeed he is none, and so supposeth his eares to be hoznes: his Motto is,

Ne mulieri credas. ne mortuū quidem.

Meaning, that what faire shew soeuer a woman doth beare of honesty, yet there is no credite to be giuen vnto her copnesse: but he resolues with the crue of the yelow hoso companions, that Mulier, howsoeuer it be spoken or vnderstood, is a word of vnconstancie: therefore though he hath no hoznes, because his wife is too honest, yet like an Ass for his Ieaousie, hee shall haue a long paire of eares whiles he liues.

Thus was the order of these Cuckolds discours'd vnto me, which alioone as I heard I went on further to speake wth the noting, much I saw that were scrinulous to rehearse, as diuers women that were hang'd by the tongues for scolding, and especially one Butchers wife of Sudbury, who was so famous for that Art (if wee may

may tearme (it a science) that after her death, shee was
 chonickled amongst the succellins scoldes her neighbours
 for an Archgossip in that faculty: for her husband being a
 poore painefull man that liued by his dailly labour, came
 home euery night and brought her duely and ductifull
 his groat, which could not content her, but she would in
 hyane tearmes abuse him, and call him rascall and slave;
 but aboue all, pickel Wolfe, which hee could not abide:
 wherefoze haniug after forbad her, and seeing she would
 take no warning: on a day toke heart at grasse, & be-
 bound her well w a cobgill: but all would not suffice: the
 moze he beat her, the moze she cald him pickel Wolfe. See-
 ing stripes would not ppenall, he threathned to cut out her
 tongue: it is no matter for that knane quoth she, yet shall
 the stampe call thee pickel Wolfe: at this answere the poore
 Botcher was so mad, that taking a rope & tying it about
 her middle, haniug a well in his yard, and thereunto he
 let her downe into the well, and threathned to drowne her:
 fush all would not ppenall, but she cried moze be-
 heemently: wherefoze he duckt her ouer head and eares, and then
 when her teng could not wag, she heaued her hands a-
 boue water, & knock with her two nailles of her thombs
 then seeing nothing would ppenalls but death, he drew
 her vp and left her to her villany: she aboue the rest was
 tormented. A little below her I saw a Cooke that was a
 mad merry fellow, and he sate demurely with a Cranes
 leg in his mouth, haniug no other punishment, at this I
 smild, and asked the cause, and it was told me thus.

The tale of the Cooke, and why he sate in Purgatory
 with a Cranes leg in his mouth



Bere dwelled in Veince a Gentleman cal-
 led Signor Bartolo, who being one of the
 Consiliadorie, and greatly experienced in
 the ciuill law, was much frequented of sun-
 dry sutoys, amongst the rest there was a Gentleman
 his

his neighbour, that by fortune had caught some eight or ten Cranes, a fowle in high esteeme in that Citie: these as a thing of great price he bestowed on Signor Bartolo, who accepted them with that gratefullnes, that to god and bountifull a gift merited. Whonde forthwith of this present, hee fedde them vp in one of his yarden, looking with great care to them, because the Venetians hold them so rare. On a day desirous to make his neighbours partakers of his dainties, he had olivers of them to supper, and commanded his Cooke to provide good chere. and amongst the rest, charge him to kill a Crane, and to see that it were excellently well roasted. The Cooke, whose name was Stephano. made all things in a readines for supper, and when the time was convenient, laid the Crane to the fire. Now (say) this Stephano was a fellow that was somewhat amorous, and excellent at courting of a Country wench: inasmuch that he was the chiefe gallant of all the parish for dancing of a Lincolnshire Borne-pipe in the Churchyard on Sabbato: being thus well qualified, he was generally loved of all the gyrls thereabout, and especially of one in the town, whom he had so long belied withall, that the maids fell sick, and her disease was thought to be a Company with two holes: well bosome: sooner she was speake, and Stephano had done the deede. This maide hearing what a great feast should be at Signor Bartoloes house, bled her thither, not onely to see the good chere: but that she must see her els with the sight of her Stephano, who now was rustling and sweating in the kitchen; she made an excuse and came in for fire, but in an unlucky time for the poore Cooke: for she no sooner saw the Crane but she longed for a leg, and that so sore, that there was nothing but that of death: whereupon she cald Stephano to her, and told him that she must needs have a legge of the Crane: for she so deeply longed for it, that if she had it not, it were able both to call her away and that she went withall. Although poore Stephano al-

ledge many cranes, as the displeasure of his Maſter
 and the feare of y^e loſſe of his ſervice: yet no reaſon could
 prevail with her, who was without reaſon: and therefore
 what ſo long he bare her, and ſo dread of diſcredit that
 might enſue, if ſo want of her ſouging he ſhould fall to
 tranell, he bentred a ſopnt, and when the Crane was e-
 nough cut her off a legge. This wench thus ſatiſfied went
 home: And ſupper time grew on, ſo all the gueſts were
 come, and preſently becauſe it was ſome what late, ſate
 downe: where they were ſerved very bountifully, at laſt
 the dainties the Crane ſo ſoeth, was brought by, & Wig-
 nio Bartolo commaunded the Caruer to trancke her,
 which when he had done, ſhe was ſet vpon the table: the
 Gentleman of the houſe ſet to diſtributing to his gueſts
 and at laſt miſt a legge, with that looking about he cald
 the Caruer, and aſkt him where the other leg was: Her
 quoth hee your Maſterſhip hath all the Cooke ſent by:
 then quoth Bartolo go to y^e Cooke, & aſke him where the
 other leg is: the Caruer went down & did his Maſters
 commaund; the Cooke thinking to ſace out the matter,
 began to ſmille: why quoth he, woe may ſee Cranes are
 dainty in this Country, when Gentlemen cannot tell how
 many legges they haue? go tell my Maſter I ſent him by as
 many legges as hee had. The fellow brought this newes
 to his Maſter, who in a great chaſe called ſo the Cooke,
 & aſked of him how many legges a Crane had: marry ſy
 quoth he, one: why malapert billic quoth Bartolo, moc-
 ked thou me befoze all theſe gentlemen? not I ſy quoth
 the Cooke ſo; I am ſure I haue dyed many in my life: & be-
 ther to yet I neuer ſaw a Crane haue but one leg. With
 this anſwer Bartolo was thoroughly inflamed with chol-
 ler, but that he would ſhew himſelfe to be patient a-
 mongſt his neighbours, he ſuppreſſed his anger with this
 mild reply: Cuiſter, gentleman, you may thinke I or my
 Cooke is drunke, y^e hold a diſpute about y^e Cranes leg: but
 ſo y^e this night I will not be impatient, I paſſe it ouer:

but to morrow morning all as you are here, I humbly request you to take so much paines as to rise betimes, and so be iudges betwixt me and my man, whether Cranes haue two legs or no: for I haue cleane Cranes more, & will early goe into the yard where they feede: and this shall be the wager betwixt my man and me, if they haue but one leg, I will giue his twenty Duckats and a sute of latten: if they haue two, he shall haue twenty blowes with a cudgill, and I will turne him quite out of seruice: with this motio the Cooke seemed very well contented, that all the guesstes smild to see how Stephano so obstinate: vpon this matter they began to descant and fell into pleasant chat, and so passed away the supper time: at last, although loth to depart, yet every man departed with great thanks to Signior Bartolo for their good chere promising, very early in the morning to be with him. Where we leane them, & againe to the Cooke, who provided all his trinkets in a readines, to trudge away with bag and baggage the next morning: for he knew his matter was nought, thus with a heauy heart he passed away the night, and in the morning fell in a slumber: but he had not long lien in his dreame, but Bartolo accompanied with his neighbours knockt at his mans chamber doore, and bad him rise, that they might see the quartell: how Stephano started by and with a heauy heart coming out of his chamber, gaue his master and the rest the Bon Ioure: Come syrra quoth his Master, here are the Gentlemen my neighbours come to be equall censors of our controuersie: hold, take the key of the yard, & open you the doore: & then let vs see how many legs a Crane hath: the Cooke tooke the key & very easely opened the doore, and entred in, & all the cranes because it was so early, were at hand, as their custome is generally all stand vpon one leg: and held the other vnder their wing. Stephano seeing the advantage not willing to let so faire a bal fall to the ground, began himselfe, now say (quoth he) I hope your selfe & the

rest of the gentlemen will confesse I haue woonne the wager: for you see here is neuer a Crane that hath moze then one legge. At this seeing how nimble he was to take the advantage. they all laught: Truth say quoth his Spalfer, they stand now on one leg, but straight you shall see me make them all haue two: with that signoz Bartololiffing by his hand cried, So he; and with that the Cranes let downe their legges, and every one stood vpon tye; how now you knowe quoth his Spalfer, how many legges hath a Crane? hath shee not two? yes marry say quoth he, and so would your other Crane haue had, if you had done this: for if your worship when you had seene the Crane in the platter y had but one legge, had as toke as you doe now, cried, So he, why then shee would haue had two legges as well as these: At this last, Edignoz Bartolo fell into such a laughing and all his guests with him, that hee laught away choller, and admitted his man into his wonted fauour: whereupon Stephano told them the whole discourse, what happened betweene him and his wench, and vpon this merrily they went all to breakfast. Now say, although this fault was forgiven: yet because he died not in fauour with the Priest of the Parish, he was appointed for stealing the Cranes leg to stand in Purgatorie with a legge in his mouth for a certaine season.

After I had heard this discourse of the Cooke, I went on further to see if I could perceiue any other such Jellies as might make me merrv in so melancholicke a place, at last, as I cast mine eyes a-brode, I sawe there a poore Vicar late with a Cooke in his mouth. I asked the reason why he was appointed to such punishment, and it was answered me thus.

The tale of the Vicker of Bergamo, and why he
sits with a coale in his mouth
in Purgatorie.

There dwelled sometime in Bergamo a
vicker that was welbeloued in the towne,
for that he was a boone companion, and
would not stick to play at trumps all day
with his parishoners for a pot or two of
Ale. a faire reuerend he was, and pleased the people well,
marry for learning that was little, and tongues he had no
more then were in his mouth: neither would he trouble
himselfe with the knowledge of many languages but ap-
plied his idle time vpon good felowship. It chanced that
his scoj growing very great, and much chalke vpon the
poor, his hostesse wanting money to pay the maltman,
warred busie with the vicker for her debt, hee being then
bare of pence. Because his quarterage was not come in,
told her she could not haue it as yet, Whereupon they
grew to words, and from words to blowes, for maister
Vicker went a waile with a broken head, which dyed
him into such a chollier that he sought all meanes how to re-
uenge, and he laid his plot thus. Every sunday morning
afoze masse all the youth of the parish did accustom to come
to the Ale house to eate hot puddings, which was great
profit to the good wife: now to present her of this commo-
dity, the vicker spake against it, and forbad it openly: yet
it was not so deeply inuenged against, but that diuerse
woundes they would make a steale thither to breake-
fast: and one Sunday amongst the rest, the whole crew
being gathered together, notice was giuen to the vicker
wherevpon hee bled him thither, and found them all hard
at it by the teeth: when they saw maister vicker come in,
every man rose vp and ranne away to his for himselfe,
the hostesse she whipt in with the puddings; so that there
was none left in the house but Maister vicker: who spy-
ing a dozen of lustie large blacke puddings hanged in the

Chimney, whipt them into his wilde flames, and went his way : he was no longer gone, but the goodwife coming out miss her puddings, & little suspected the Clicker, but thought some of her guests had carped them away : whereupon she told it to her husband, who let the matter passe lightly, and wisht his wife to make her hastily ready, that they might go to masse : on goes she with her holiday party, and sponging her selfe up, went with her husband to Church, & came last to the service : well Master Clicker who was in a great chafe, mumbled up his mattins, and after service was done very stoutly got him into the pulpit, and began to saile to his collation, his text was vpon the Gospell for that day, which bee so comfort and cannaide ouer that he felt at last to talke of the breakfast : oh neighbours quoth hee, as I came this day to Churchward, I came into a house, nay into an Alehouse, where I found a crew at breakfast befoze Masse, at a bloudy breakfast, a blacke breakfast, yea neighbours the Diuels breakfast : and with that he threw his armes about him with such violence, that his wilde flame entred, the puddings fell out, and hit an old wife on the head that she fell ouer againe : the hostesse seeing a dozen of puddings that she miss, cryed out to her husband : oh man, quoth she, theres the dozen of puddings that were gone out of the chimney ; hee thee least they be gone : at this there was such a laughing, and such a rumour, that he pooze Clicker was faine to leane of his collation, & come downe to answer what the Alewife objected against him : but he was so welbeloued in the parish, that the Alewife was punished, & her Monday breakfast put downe by a common consent of the Churchwardens. The Clicker thus well reuenged of the Alewife, intended how to make amends to the parish, and therefore casting in his head how he might bring it to passe, one day as he travelled towards Pisa he met a stranger, who had certaine feathers in his hand of a byrd called Apis Indica, which were

were long and large, of the colour of gold, and were so bright as scarce one could looke against them: such before were neuer seene in Italie. Masse Micker as soone as hee saw these, had a reach in his head, and tumbled with the traailer to buy one, a price was pitcht for thirtie lili- os, and masse Micker paid it: having this, home he came, and bought a case of crimson Velvet embrooyed with gold, to put his feather in, keeping it with great caros- sity and secretie, making report that he had one of the ri- chest reliques in the world, and promising upon Can- dlemas day next to shew it, whereupon it was not onely blazed abroad throughout the towne, but in all the villa- ges and hamlets adjoining, that both old and yong pre- pared them selves to see this holy relique. Two of the crew, who where brothers at the breakfast of puddings, hearing these newes sought how to be even with master Micker: and therefore brought it so to passe by a wench of the house where the Micker lay, that they might see the holy relique, she brought them to the chamber and the box wherein the case lay in presume, the fellows looke- ing in, and seeing a feather, neither respecting reason, nor religion, tooke it out and put it in his bosome, and hid the case full of charcoales that lay by, and so putting the case into the box, hid the wench and went his way. Verulfe time being come, master vicar runs by for the box, claps it under his arme, and away he goes to Church: and for that it was Candlemas day, a halgh day, he said 4 songs a very solemne Masse; and that being done, seeing such a multitude of people, he got him with a great grace in- to the pulpit, and began his text, which after he had rat- led over a litle, he told them what sundry reliques were left to the Church for the benefit of the people: oh my mas- ters & good friends quoth he, parishoners & neighbours: you see that every cite hereabout, nay through the whole world, hath some holy relique or other, as a blessing be- longing to their coppozation: but our ppe town of Ber-
gane

gamo hath had none: But now God hath considered of your estate, and hath sent you a richer & a moze holy then all the rest. Some towne, quoth he, hath a peece of the crosse, as of the nailes, as a peece of the sponge that reacht Christ Winager; at Rome there is the speare that pierst his side; at Venicethe Chawbone of Saint Marke, god so; the falling entill; at Vienna the tooth of S. Appolym wholesome so; the toothake; at Pyssa the boole of Saint Loyes boyse that healeth such kind of cattell: so; the Swine Saint Anthonies bel; so; the palse, Saint Dunstones tanges: so; the Squinsey, Saint Martins trough: so; the eye sight Saint Winifrids girdle; so; the Walke Swaine Asaphs Beads, and a thousand moze, which are now needlesse to rehearse: but god people, I haue here so; your comfozt one of the feathers: yea one of those holy and glorious feathers, that the Angell Gabriell wore when he said Aue Maira to the mother of Christ: Eldes wiues, and aged men, rich and poze kneele downe, and with say behold so great a miracle, with that they all fell vpon their knees, and he puld so;th his boy, and o;eto so;th the case, which when he hard rattle, hee marvelled: but when he put his hand in, and found nothing but coales, his heart was cold in his belly, & he stot so; was, yet hauing a knowish and ready wit, he sodainlye and vpon the p;esent shifted it thus: god people, quoth he, I haue mist of my boy, and haue lost the thing of the angell Gabriel behind me: but I haue here a relique no lesse p;etious then that, which I thought not to shew you before Easter day, and these be the coales that Saint Lawrence the holy Martyr was b;eild with, and with that he o;eto the Charcoale out of his peeke: these, parishioners, quoth he, euen the very marke that is made with these, is god against all euill spirits, against blasting and witchcraft, and therefore seeing it is the will of God I should shew you these first, I will come downe and marke you all with the holy relique of Saint Lawrence

rence; so he slept betwene out of the pulpit, and crost them all to his great profit, and their content: for which cause in that he mockt the people, he is appointed to stand in purgatorie with a coale in his mouth.

The vicars tale of Bergamo being ended, I went further, and presently I espyed a little doze, whereout issued a most fearefull noise tempered with such far fetcht sighes and gréuous whikes, that it was a sound much to be pittied: the smalnesse of the voice discovered that they were women. Whereupon I pressed moze nére the doze, and looked in at a little chinke, and there I might see a company of beautifull women of all ages pittifully tormented, as sitting in a place full of smoake and stinking fanoys, and bitten continually about the hearts with scorpions: in all there were not above thye of them, and yet they uttered as gréuous laments as though there had bene a thousand. I demaunded why they were punished above the rest; they said, they were such as died maides and kept their virginittie without spote, that based men; and for that they were so hard hearted, they were aduinged to that that pe punishment. Straight as I cast mine eye vp, I spide in a blind coyer where a Painter sat, hauing the picture of a rood hung befoze him, and e- uery time hee looked vpon it, he hath thye bastinados ouer the shoulders with a belroape, as of the rest, so I inquire the cause of this, and it was discourst to me thus,

The tale of the Painter of Doncaster, and why in purgatorie he was beaten with a Belroape.



Know you are not ignorant, how in B. Edward the sixts dayes all popery & superstition was banished, & the light of the Gospell paid from vnder the Bushel where it was conered and to the light and comort of all set vpon a hill: so that

all his reliques were abolished, and his toles paid do by, and the Church as neere as they could, cleansed from the dregs of such an Antichrist: wherupon the Painters that liued with such trash, as trimming of Images and roodes, altars and Saints, and the caruers that made such images. were faine with Alexander the Copper-smith to crie out against Paule and his doctrine, hauing so little worke that they almost forgot their occupation. But when for the sinnes of this land, and wickednesse of the people, the Lord tooke away their good Bing, and deprived them of the sweet Manna of the Gospell, and sent them againe Antichrist with all his traditions, Queene Marie lawfull successor in the kingdome; made proclamation, that all those roodes which were paid doctone, should be set vp againe in euery Church. Amongst the rest, the Church of Doncaster in Yorkshire, desiring to be one of the foremost, to signify their obedience and deuotion, in all hast sent for the Painter to make them a roode, and agreed vpon the price. Whereupon he went about his worke, but for that his hand had bene out of vse by the space of six yeeres, he had forgot the lineaments of the visage, and the other wanted proposition, that he made it verie hard sound; yet as euery mans worke seems well to himselfe, he went forward withall, and set it vp on a satterday at night on the window: on Sunday at masse there was old ringing of bells, and old and young came to church to see the new roode, which was so ill fauoured, that all the parish mislik it, and the children they cried and were asend of it: vpon this they fell in great displeasure with the painter, & when monday came, and he was with the chafe of the parish for his money, they denyed flatly to pay him any, because his worke was so ill wrought. He vpon that cald them before the maior of the towne, who was a man that scorned Bing &WARDS religion, as far as he durst, & to him the painter made his complaint, that the parisheners now that he had made their

Their roode, would not pay him his money: the Maſoz be-
maunded of them why they denied him payment: they an-
ſwered, ſoꝛ that he had like a bungler made Chriſt ſo hard
ſauored, that it was not onely baſt to ſtand in any church
but their children were aſaſid to looke on it: ſo that euery
way it ſhould greatly hinder deuotion. But yet quoth the
maſoz, the poꝛe man hath done his goodwill, you muſt con-
ſider his hand hath bin long out of uſe, & therefore there is
no reaſon though his cunning hath ſaile him, but you
ſhould pay him his money: well ſay quoth they, at your re-
queſt we will giue him what our bargaine was, but wee
muſt buie a new rood, and cannot tell what to do with the
old: marry neighbors quoth the Maſoz, if he wil not ſerue
you ſo: a god, fellow my aduiſe, clap a paire of hoznes on
his head, and I warrant you hee will pꝛoue an excellent
good diuell: and that ſir, quoth the painter, will I doe ouer
and beſt: & their bargaine. Thus were the poꝛe pariſho-
ners of Doncaſter mockt, and yet paid their money: but
their Clerk ſo delt with bell, booke, and candle againſt
the poꝛe painter ſo: making the ill fauoured roode, that
he ſits in purgatorie beaten with a Belroape.

The tale of the Painter being ended, paſſe a little
further, I might ſee where ſat a crew of men that wore
Bate garlands on their heads, and they were Poets,
amongſt which was old Ennius, Virgill, Iuuenall, Pro-
pertius, and wanton Ouid, Martiall, Horace: and many
moꝛ: which had wꝛitten laſcious verſe, oꝛ other heroi-
call poems. But aboue them all I marked old Ronſord,
and he ſat there with a ſcoule in his hand, wherein was
wꝛitten the deſcription of Caſſandra his Miſtreſſe, and
becauſe his tale is not common, noꝛ haue I heard our
Engliſh Poets wꝛite in that baſe, marke it, and I will
rehearſe it, ſoꝛ I haue learned it by heart.

RONSAARDS DESCRIPTION OF
his Mistresse, which he weares in his
hand in Purgatorie.

DOWNE I sat,
I sat downe
Where *Flora* had bestowed her graces:
Greene it was
It was greene
Far surpassing other places,
For art and nature did combine
With sights to witch the gaspers cine,

There I sat,
I sat there
viewing of this, pride of places,
Straight I saw,
I saw straight
the sweetest faire of all faire faces:
Such a face as did containe,
Heauens shine in euery vaine.

I did looke,
Looke did I,
and there I saw *Appollos* wyers,
Bright they were
They were bright,
with them *Antoyas* head he tiers,
But this I woondred how that now
They shadowed in *Cassandras* bow.

Still I gazde,
I gazde still
spying *Lunas* mylke white glase:
Commixt fine,
Fine commixt.

out of Purgatory:

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With the mornings ruddie blase,
This white and red their seating seekes
Vpon Cassandraes smiling cheeks.

Two stars then,
Then two stars
 passing Sunne or Moone in shine
Appeard there,
There appeard
 and were forsooth my mistres eie:
 From whence prowd Cupid threw his fiers
 To set a flame all mens desires.

Brekes she had,
She had brekes
 Whire like the siluer dowe:
Lie ther did,
There did lie
 Cupid ouergrowne with loue,
 And in the vale that parts the plane
 Pitcht his tent there to remaine.

This was shee
Shee was this,
 the fairest faire thar ere I see:
I did muse,
Muse did I
 how such a creature found could be,
 A voice replied from the Aire,
 She alone and none so faire.

This was Ronsards description of his mistres, and he is
sore to hold it in his hand, that every time he casts his
eyes on it, he may with sighs feele a secret torment, in that
he once loved too much, being alive. A little above saith
the Ghost of a young Gentlewoman that had been false to
her

her husband, that should haue bene grievously torment-
 ted : but that she bestowed an annuity for thre yeares
 pension vpon a moztow masse priest, who so laboured it
 with dirges, trentals and masses Adrequiem, that she
 had no other punishment but this, that her beautifull
 haire wherein she so much delighted, and whose treamels
 was a traine to intrappe young gentleman, that now
 was clipt off bare to the skull, and so shee sate ashamd
 and mourning : the cause as I learned was this.

Why the gentlewoman of Lions sate with her haire
 clipt off in Purgatorie.



At the Citie of Lions there dwelt a gentle-
 man of good account amongst his neighbors,
 called Monsieur Perow ; this gentleman ha-
 uing lands and reuenues sufficient to main-
 taine his estate, thought fully to heape to
 himselfe content, and therefore sought out a yong virgin
 of equall parentage to himselfe, with whom he had a suffi-
 cient dowry, and her he loued, and shee like him, and so
 they married, liuing in good estimation amongst their Ne-
 pants. As they were thus linked together in wedlocke, so
 it seemd in outward appearance that they were so strict-
 ly tied in affection, as no meanes might alienate. But
 women, whom nature hath framd to be inconstant, can-
 not be altered by nurture. The Palme will grow straight
 though it be neuer so depresse; and a wanton will bee a
 wanton, were she married to Cupid, and so it
 proued by Maria ; for so was the Gentlewoman's name :
 who because shee was faire had many Suitors, that
 attempted to bee rituals with her husband in her lous ; a-
 mongst the rest as shee resolved to choose one, there was a
 yong amorous youth of Lions cald Pier, he sought diuers
 meanes to craepe into her fauor, past by her house, and call
 by looks that pleaded for pittie, and had bandd him againe
 glances

glances that foretold good will : Thus with interchange of favours they lived. Pier seeking opportunity how to reveale his minde to Maria, at last as hee walked one day forth the towne, he saw where shee was walking only with one of her maides, taking therefore opportunity by the forehead, he Deyt to her, and beganne to court her with sundry protestations of his love, which had been long and so surely set as no dispaire could race out, promising not onely to be a faithfull servant in constancie : but to be so carefull of her honour as of his owne life : & for port grauntle, think *Epistles* quoth he, that faults in affections are sleight follies, that Venus hath shyned to shade her trawants, and Cupids wings are shelters for such as venter far to content their thoughts, but she is halfe pardoned, and love requires not chastity, but that her Souldiers be charyp. Maria hearing the wag thus play the Dyatoz, having love in her eyes and desire in heart, after a few saint Denials, thrusting him away with the little finger, and pulling him to her with the whole hand, she graunted him that favour to be cald her servant. Crad thus he grew in such credit, that there was no man with Maria but Pier, having thus a love beside her husband, although hee was a faire man and well featured ; yet shee found fault with him, because he was a meacorde and a milke sopper, not daring to draw his sword to reuenge her wrongs : wherefore shee resolved to entertaine some Souldier, and so shee did : for one *Signoz Lamberto*, a byane Gentleman ; but something hard forde, sought her favour and found it, and him she entertained for her Champion,

Thus had shee a white lliard Adon to sed her eye with beautie, and a stoute Hercules to reuenge all her wrongs with his sword, and a poore husband to shadowe both with his bozner. Living thus contentedly in her owne conceit, her husband went into the Country to a Farme of his, and thither with him hee carried his wife,
where

where hee passed away many merry daies in such pleasure as Cuntry spoyses can afford: at last serious affairs forcing him to it, he rid his way for thre or foure daies to certaine of his friends there adioyning. Maria seeing her husband gone, thought not to let time slippe, nor to lose opportunity: and therefore the next day after sent for Pier, who hasted as fast as might be, till he came to his Epistles, where he had such friendly intertainment as fitted both their humours; he caused her maid to make great chere, and as soon as it was ready, to dinner they went, where they were scarce set but one knocked at the doore, the maide looked out and it was Signor Lamberto, who ran and told her Epistles; who fearefull that he should see Pier or know of him, bid him vnder the bed, and commanded her maid to bid Signor Lamberto come by the like a cunning Courtizangling him such favourable intertainment as though hee were the man whom aboue all other she made account of. Faith swa't (quoth hee) I heard thy husband was from home, and so I toke my nag and came gallopping hither: set him into the stable quoth the Epistles: No quoth (Signor Lamberto) let him be there still and bite of the bzidle, for my business is such, as I will onely dine with you, and then bid you farewell: with that he sate him downe to dinner. While Pier lying close vnder the bed: thinking every minute an houre till he were gone: as thus they sate in their coppes and were wantonly quaffing one to another; came in the maiors running, and said, her Epistle came riting: at this Signor Lamberto started vp and was amazed: but the gentlewoman was in a feare that had two lovers at once in her house, and yet could haue hidden them both had it not bene for the horse that stood tied in the Court yarde: will a shift must be had, & where sooner then out of a wemens head. What shall I doe quoth Signor Lamberto? myrry I pray you good swa't heart quoth shee, to saue your owne credit and mine, byak your sword and goe to lome the

flatter

Ladies, and as you see, I swear & say, that you shall finde
 a time and place moze conuenient, when you will bee re-
 uenged to the bittermost; so he did, & by that time was the
 Gentleman of the house come in, who married to see a
 horse tied in the Court, and therefore alighting off came
 by the Ladies, and as he came, met Lamberto with his
 sword drawne, and his face full of frowne, swearing
 when better time and place should serue hee would re-
 uenge, and that with extremitie. What is the matter
 quoth the Master of the house? he answered nothing, but put
 by his sword, took the horse & away towards Lions. As soon as
 the Gentleman came by he found his wife amazed, sitting
 in the hall in the midst of the sorrow, as halfe beleeue hee
 selfe: What is the matter wife (quoth he) that thou art so
 amazed, and that Signor Lamberto went downe with
 his sword drawne in such a rage? Ah husband (quoth
 she) as I late here at my worke, came running into
 the Court yard a proper young man having throwne
 away his Cloake and his Hatte, and desired me, as I
 tendered the state of man, to save his life, so Signor
 Lamberto would kill him: I pittyping his case kept in
 and hidde him in my bed chamber: with that came Sig-
 nor Lamberto gallopping, dismounted in the court and
 drawing his sword, came running by and would haue
 broken open my chamber doore, but that on my knees I in-
 treated him to the contrary: at my request he went his
 way, frowning as you see, and so hee is rode to Lions: the
 poore young man (alas) husband lies hid vnder the bed
 in great feare: and this tale shew to be so lowd that Pier
 heard every word, and therefore had his lesson what hee
 should answer: smiling at the prompt witte of his Wi-
 fers that had so sodaine a shift. Bidde him come out
 wife quoth he: then shee oapt the doore, and Pier hee came
 as one greatly affrighted from vnder the bed. The Gen-
 tleman seeing him a proper young man and weaponlesse,
 had pittie on him and said: hee was glad that his house

was a sanctuary for him, and greatly commended his wife that she had saved him from the fury of Signor Lamberto, whom all Lions accounted a most desperate man: upon this taking Pier by the hand they sat downe to dinner, and when they had taken their repast, the gentleman very courteously conducted Pier home to Lions. Now for because she was thus inconstant, she to qualifie her pride and insolencie, sat in Purgatory with the punishment afoze rehearsed.

This tale being ended, I lookd a little further, and I might see where a young man and a young woman sat together naked from the middle upward, and a very old man whipping of them with nettles: they as persons that little regarded his punishment, would often times kisse, and then the old man as one inwardly vexed, would bestirre all his strength to torment them: the reason of this strange scene was thus discoursed unto me.

The tale of the two Louers of Pisa, and why they were whipt in Purgatorie with nettles.



P Pisa a famous Citie of Italie, there lived a gentleman of good lineage and landes, feared as well for his wealth as honoured for his vertue, but indeed well thought on for both: yet the better for his riches. This Gentleman had one onely Daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all and desired of many; but neither might their suites, nor her owne eye preuelle about her fathers resolution, who was determined not to marry her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintaine the excellencie of her beautie.

beautie. Diners young Gentlemen proffered large scot-
 ments, but in vaine: a maid shee would bee still till at last
 an old Doctor in the towne that professed Physicke, be-
 came a suitor to her, who was a welcome man to her fa-
 ther, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa.
 A tall strpling he was and a proper youth, his age about
 fourescore, his head as white as milke, wherein for of-
 fence sake there was left neuer a tooth: but it is no mat-
 ter, what he wanted in person he had in the purse, which
 the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to
 tie her selfe to one that might fit her content, though they
 liued meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italie.
 But shee was young and forced to follow her fathers dire-
 ction, who vpon large covenants was content his daugh-
 ter should marry with the Doctor, and whether she likt
 him or no, the match was made vp, and in shoyt time shee
 was married, The poore wench was bound to the Snake
 and had not onely an old impotent man, but one that
 was so iealous as none might enter into his house with-
 out suspicion, nor shee doe any thing without blame: the
 least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile was a
 manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others bet-
 ter then himselfe: thus he himselfe liued in a hell and tor-
 mented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced,
 that a young Gentleman of the Citie comming by her
 house, and seeing her looke out at her windowe, noting her
 rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and
 that so extremely, as his passions had no meanes till
 her fauour might mitigate his heartlike discontent.
 The young man that was ignorant in amorous matters
 and had neuer beene led to Court anie Gentlewomen,
 thought to reueale his passions to some one friend, that
 might giue him counsaile for the winning of her love,
 and thinking experience was the surest Maister, on a
 day seeing the old Doctor walking in the Church
 that was Margarets husband, little knowing who

he was, he thought this the fittest man to whom he might
 discover his passions, for that hee was old and kneto
 much, and was a Physician that with his drugges might
 helpe him forward in his purposes: so that seeing the old
 man walke solitary hee found him, and after a cor-
 teous Salute, told him that he was to impart a matter of
 grent import unto him; wherein if hee would not onely
 be secret, but indeavour to pleasure him, his paines should
 be every way to the full considered. You must imagine
 gentleman, quoth Mutio, for so was the Doctors name,
 that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their se-
 crets in their hearts bottome, and therefore reveale what
 you please, it shall not onely be concealed; but, cured if ef-
 ther my Art or counsell may do it. Upon this Lionell, so
 was the yong Gentleman called, told and discoursed unto
 him from point to point how he was fallen in love with
 a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession,
 discovered her dwelling and the house, and for that hee
 was acquainted with the woman, and a man little ex-
 periented in love matters, he required his favour to fur-
 ther him with his advice. Mutio at this motion was
 strung to the heart, knowing it was his wife he was fal-
 len in love withall: yet to conceale the matter and to ex-
 perience his wifes chastity, and that if she proved false he
 might be revenged on them both; he dissembled the mat-
 ter and answered, that he knew the woman very well,
 and commended her highly: but said, she had a Charme to
 her husband: and therefore he thought shee would be the
 moze tractable: true her man quoth hee, faint heart never
 wonne faire Ladies: and if she will not be brought to the
 bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall
 dispatch all to your owne content, and to give you fur-
 ther instructions for oportunitie, know that her Husband
 is forth every afternoon from thence till five. Thus farre
 I have abused you, because I pity your passions as my
 selfe being once a lover: but now I charge thee reveale it

to none so hailefower, least it doo disparage my credit
to my dolefull amorous matter. The young Gentleman
not onely promised all carefull secretie, but gaue him here
to thanks for his good counsell, promising to write him
there the next day, and tell him what newes. When hee
left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife
any way should play false: he saw by experience, how
men came to besiege the castle, and seeing it was in a wo-
mans custodie and had so weake a gouernor, as himselfe,
he doubted it would in time be deliuered vp, which feare
made him almost franticke: yet he desired of the time so
great torment, till he might heare from his riual. Lionel
he hasts him home and findes him in his braverie, and
goes alone towards the house of Mutio, where he sees
her at the window, whom he courted with a passionate
look with such an humble salute, as she might perceiue
how the Gentleman was affectionate. Margareta looking
earnestly vpon him, and noting the perfection of his pro-
position, accompted him in her eye the flower of all Pisa,
thinks her selfe fortunade, if she might haue him for her
Friend, to supply those defaults that she found in Mutio:
sundry times that afternone hee pass by her window, and
he cast not by more longing looks then he receiued gra-
tious fauours: which did so incourage him, that the next
day betwene three and fve hee went to her house, and
knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the Mistres
of the house, who hearing by her maids description what
he was, commanded him to come in, where she intertei-
ned him with all curtesie.

The youth that neuer before has giuen the attempt
to Court a Ladie, began his exordium with a blush: and
yet went forward so well, that he discourst vnto her
how hee loved her, and that if it might please her so to
accept of his seruice, as of a friend euer bound in all
dutie to bee at her command, the care of her honour
should bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would

bee ready to pisse her discontent with his blood at all times.

The Gentlewoman was little cope, but befoze they past they concluded, that the next day at foure of the clocke he should come thither and eate a pound of cherries. which was resolved on with a succado des labres, and so with a loath to depart they toke their leaues. Lionello as forfall a man as might be, hied him to the church to meete his old Doctor, where he found him in his old walke: what newes sayd quoth Mutio? how haue you sped? Cuen as I can with quoth Lionello. For I haue bene with my Mistresse, and haue found her so tractable, that I hope to make the old peasannt her husband take broad headed by a paire of byowantlers. Now dape this strooke into Mutios heart, let them imagine that can coniecture what ielousie is; in so much that the old Doctor askt when should be the time: marry quoth Lionello, to morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternone, and then Master Doctor quoth hee; will I doe the old Squire knight of the forked oyster.

Thus they past on in that till it grew late, and then Lionello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, covering all his sorowes with a merry countenance, with full resolution to reuenge them both the next day with extremitie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner away hee went, watching when it should be foure of the clocke, at the houre inst came Lionello, and was intertained with all curtesie: but scarce had they kist, ere the maide cryed out to her Mistresse that her Master was at the doze: for he halld, knowing that a bozne was but a little while on grafting: Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a hist chopt Lionello into a great dyie sat full of feathers, and sat her downe close to her woyle: by that came Mutio in blowing, and as though hee came to loke somewhat in haist, called for the

the keyes of his Chambers, and looked in every place, searching so narrowly in every corner of the house, that he left not the berie paine unsearcht: seeing he could not find him, hee said nothing, but saying himselfe not well at ease staid at home, so that poore Lionello was faine to stae in the dyle satte till the old churle was in bed with his wife; and then the maide let him out at a backdore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

Well the next day he went againe to visite his Doctor, whom hee found in his wonted walke; what newes quoth Mutio? how haue you sped? I per of the old slave quoth Lionello, I was no sooner in, and had giuen my Mistresse one kisse, but the iealous aile was at the dore, the maide spied him, and cryed her Master: so that the poore Gentlewoman for very wist, was faine to put me in a dyle-satte of feathers that stood in an old Chamber, and there I was faine to lye while he was in bed and a sleepe; and then the maide let me out and I departed.

But it is no matter, tis but a chaunce, and I hope to crie quittance with him ere it belong: as how quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: shee sent mee word by her Maide this day, that vpon Thursday next the old Churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all: It is well quoth Mutio: Forstane bee your friend: I thanke you quoth Lionello, and so after a little more pattle they departed.

So bee shorte, Thursday came, and about fixe of the Clocke south goes Mutio, no further then a friends house of his, from whence hee might descrie who went into his house, straight hee sawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, insomuch that hee was scarselie sitten down, befoze the Maide cryed out

ont againe, my master comes: the goodwife that before
 had promised for afterclaps; had found out a private place
 betwene two settings of a plauncher, and there she thrust
 Lionello; her husband came sweating, what news, quoth
 she. brings you home againe so soone husband? Marrye
 sweet wife quoth he, a fearefull dreame that I had this
 night which came to my remembrance, & that was this:
 me thought there was a billicine that came secretly into
 my house with a naked poynard in his hand, and hid him-
 selfe: but I could not find the place, with that mine nose
 bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God I will
 seeke every corner in the house for the quiet of my mind.
 Marry I pray you do husband, quoth she: with that he
 lockt in all the doores, and began to search every chamber,
 every hole, every chest, every tub, the very well, he sabb
 every fettherbed throughe, and made hauck like a mad
 man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and he
 begā to blame his eyes that thought they saw that which
 they did not: vpon this he rest halfe lunatique, & all night
 he was very wakefull, that towards the morning he fell
 into a dead sleepe, and then was Lionello conueighed
 away.

In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought
 how by no meanes hee should be able to take Lionello
 tardy; yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and
 that was this: Wife quoth he, I must the nextunday
 ride to Vyccenza to visit an old patient of mine, till my
 returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will haue the
 stay at our little grange house in the countrey: marry
 very well content husband, quoth she: with that hee kiss
 her, and was very pleasant, as though hee had suspected
 nothing, and away he sings to the Church: where hee
 meets Lionello: what sir quoth he what newes, is your
 misseesse yours in possession: no, a plague of the old fians
 quoth he? I thinke hee is either a witch or els worke by
 Magick: for I can no longer enter in the doores but he is
 at

at my backe and so he was againe yesternight: for I was not warme in my seate befoze the maide cried, my maister comes: and then was the poore soule faine to connecte me between two seelings of a chamber in a fit place for y^e purpose: where I laught heartly to my self, to se how he sought euery corner, ransackt euery tub, and fladd euery feather-bed; but in baine, I was safe enough till the morning, and then when he was fast a sleep, I lipt out. Fortune frownes on you quoth Mutio: I but I hope quoth Lionello this is y^e last time; and now she will begin to smile: for on Monday next he rides to Vicenza, & his wife lies at a graunge house a litle of the towne, and there in his absence I will renenge al forepassed misfortunes: god send it to be so. Mutio & so took his leave; these two louers longd for Monday, & at last it come, early in the morning Mutio hoyst him selfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no moze, and alway he rides to his grage house; where after he had broke his fast he took his leane, & alway towards Vicenza, he rood not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, & there with a company of country peasants lay in an ambuscado to take the young Gentleman: in the afternoon comes Lionello galloping, and as soon as he came within sight of y^e house, he sent backe his horse by his boy, & went easily a foot & there at y^e very entry was enterceind by Margaret, who led him by the staires, & conuaid him into her bedchamber saying he was welcome into so meane a cottage: but quoth she, now I hope so: she shal not enuy y^e purity of our lones. Alas alas wretched cried y^e maide, heer is my spasser, & 100. men with him with bills & flaxes: we are betraide quoth Lionello, & I am but a dead man: feare not quoth she, but follow me, & straight she caried him down into a low parlor: where stood an old rotten chest full of writings, she put him into that, and couered him with old papers and euidences, & went to the gate to meete her husband: why Signor Mutio, what meanes this burly burly quoth she: bile & shamelesse Crumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by & be quoth he. Where is thy loundal we haue watcht him & can

him enter in: now quoth he, that neither thy tub of feathers
 nor the selling serue, so; perishe he that with fire, or els fall
 into my hands. Do thy worst, I care not, quoth she, I aske
 thee no fauour: with that in a rage he beset his house round,
 and then set fire on it. Oh in what a perplexitie was poore
 Lionello that was shut in a Chest, and the fire about his
 eares? and how was Margaret passionate that knew her lo-
 uer in such danger? yet she made light of the matter, & as
 one in a rage called her maide to her, & said; Come on wech
 seeing thy Master mad with iealousie hath set his house & all
 my liuing on fire, I will be reuenged vpon him, help me here
 to lift this old Chest where all his writings & books are, let
 that burne first, and after as I see that on fire I will walk
 towards my friends: for the old sole will be beggard and I
 will refuse him, Mutio that knew all his obligations & sta-
 tutes lay there puld her backe, and had two of his men car-
 ry the Chest into the field, & soe it were safe, himselfe stan-
 ding by and seeing his house burne downe Ricke and Rone.
 Then quieted in his mind he went home with his wife, &
 began to flatter her, thinking assuredly that he had brund her
 Paramour; causing his Chest to be carried in a Cart to his
 house at Pisa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, &
 complained to her and to her byethren of the iealousie of her
 husband: who maintained it to be true, and desired but a
 daies respite to proue it: wel he was bidden to supper the
 next night at her mothers. She thinking to make her daugh-
 ter and him friends againe. In the meane time he to his
 wonted walke in the Church, & there preter expectatione
 he found Lionello walking: wondering at this, hee straight
 enquires what newes: What newes Master Doctor quoth
 he: & he fell in a great laughing, in saith yesterday I scapt a
 scowping: For syrha I went to the grange house, where I
 was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten by the
 Chamber, but the magicall billeine her husband beset the
 house with bills and flames, & that he might be sure no see-
 ling nor cozner should shrowde me, hee set the house on fire:
 and

and so burnt it downe to the ground. Why quoth Mutio & how did you escape? alas quoth he, wel fare a womans wit, she conneighed me into an old chest full of twilings, which she knew her husband durst not burne, and so was I saved and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This quoth he, is the pleasantest telt that euer I heard: and vpon this I haue a sute to you, I am this night bidden soth to supper, you shall be my guest, cruely I will crane so much fauour, as after supper so; a pleasant sport, to make relation what successe you haue had in your lones: so; that I will not sticke quoth he, and so he carried Lionello to his mother in lawes house with him, and discouered to his twines beth;e who he was, & how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: so; quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband: at this all the beth;en had him welcome, & so did the mother to, & Margarethe was kept out of sight. Supper time being come they fell to their viduals, & Lionelo was earrowest vnto by Mutio, who was very pleasant to draw him to a merry humour, that he might to the full discourse & effect & fortunes of his lones. Supper being ended. Mutio requested him to tell to & Gentleme, what had hapned betwene him & his mistresse. Lionelo with a smiling countenance, began to describe his mistresse, the house, & strate where she dwelt, how he fell in love with her, & how he vsed the counsell of his Doctor, who in all his affaires was his secretary. Margaret heard, all this with great feare, & when he came at the last point she caused a cup of wine to be glōe him by one of her sisters wherein was a ring that he had giuen Margaret; as he had toold how he escaped burning, and was ready to confirme al so; a troath, the Gentlewoman drinke to him: who taking the cup & seeing the ring hauing a gulche wit & a reaching head spide the fetch, and perciaued that all this while this was his lones hauf band, to whom he had reueald these escapes: at this drinking the wine, and swalowing the ring into his mouth, he went so;ward. Gentleme quoth he, how

like you of my Lanes & my fortunes? well quoth the Gentleman, I pray you is it true? as true quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reueale what I did to Margarets husband; so know you Gentleman, that I knew this Murio to be her husband whom I notified to be my lover, & so; that he was generally known thzough Pisa to be a fealtous scold: therfore with these tales I bzought him into this paradise: which indeed are sollises of mine owne byaine: so; trust me by the faith of a gentleman, I neuer spake to the woman, was neuer in her company, neither doe I know her if I see her. At this they all fel in a laughing at Murio, who was ashamed that Lionello had so scost him: but all was wel, they were made friends, but the fell went so to his heart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello enioyed the Lais, and so; that they two were the death of the old man, now are they played in purgatorie, and he whips them with Petilles.

As soon as I had passed ouer these two of Pisa, I looked about and saw many more as mad and pleasant as the rest: but my time was come that I must to the iudge to be censured, what punishment I should haue my self for al the mad wanton tricks, that I did when I was alive, saith at last because they knew I was a true companion, they appointed that I should sit and play zigs at day on my Taber to the ghosts without ceasing, which hath bzought me into such use, that I now play far better then when I was alive: so; promise thou shalt heare a boznpipe: with that putting his pipe to his mouth, the first dzoake he struicke I started, and with the I waked, & saw such conceits of people thzough the streets, that I knew the play was done, whereof rising vp, and smiling at my byaine, and after supper took my pen, and as nere as I could set it downe but not halfe so pleasant as he speake it, but howeuer, take it in good part, and so farewell.

FINIS.

